

FROM THE SERIES
Destination Pleasure

Allie Standifer

Sultry

SAUDI NIGHTS



*Scarlet
Series*



Sultry Saudi Nights

by

Allie Standifer

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Sultry Saudi Nights [Destination Pleasure Series 4]

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Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

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To Rhonda & RJ: Regardless of the gossip ☺ you two rock!

Sultry Saudi Nights

*In a remote portion of Dahna Desert
Saudi Arabia*

“We’re not having sex.”

“You’re right.” The husky voice assured her. “We’re going to have married sex.” His breath whispered hotly against her neck. “We’re going to have lots and lots of hot, mind-numbing, toe-curling, soul-stealing sex. We won’t stop until I’m drained and you can’t walk for a week.”

Hot waves of heat coursed through Ariel Lake’s body. If she had to get married at the end of a goat staff, held by a smelly man, why couldn’t the groom have been anyone but her ex-lover, Sheik Damon E’Darvue. The one man on the planet capable of making good on each of those erotic promises. Promises that would leave her heartbroken and saddle-sore for a month.

She spun to face him. Her loose fitting white linen pants and matching halter top stuck to her skin in the desert heat. Her nipples defiantly pressed against the thin material. “Not going to happen. As soon as my crew gets here, I’m leaving and forgetting about you and this sham of a marriage.”

Ice-black eyes burned fire. “You try that, *wife*, and I’ll ensure your Visa is revoked. You’ll never leave this country without my permission.”

“Why are you doing this? You don’t want to be married to me anymore than I want to be stuck with you,” she argued. “We were married by a damn glorified militant goat herder.”

“You ran from me that night. No one walks away from me without a word.” His tone was quick and sharp. “And our marriage is legal no matter what country you run to. Besides if it hadn’t been for me showing up at the right time, you’d now be Hasmir’s seventh wife.”

“You’re pissed because I didn’t say good-bye after a

one night fuck? And this is your revenge? How petty can you be?"

"Oh, I can be much more petty, I assure you, my darling. Now, shall you remove your clothing, or do you want me to rip it off?" His eyes scorched the thin material to her sensitive skin. She prayed he wouldn't be able to see the dark triangle of hair through the pants. If she hadn't had to pee so badly she wouldn't have lost her underwear. But how was she to know Hasmir's fifth wife liked purple silk and now wore Ariel's underwear proudly wrapped around her forehead, the two leg holes acting as ear cuffs for her idiot head.

This was not the same man she'd met and made love with three years ago. That Damon had been sweet, gentle and loving. She'd run from him that night because she knew if she stayed past the dawn, she'd never leave his arms. Sheik E'Darvue's reputation had preceded him.

He loved women, but he always left them. And Ariel wasn't going to wait for her kiss off papers.

But after all this time, he'd found her and he remembered. Instead of the fear that should have pumped through her body at his words, Ariel's body grew moist and wet, her breathing shallow and loud in the silk covered tent.

Maybe one more night with him wouldn't hurt. She could finally get the memory of his body thrusting and pulsing within hers out of her mind and heart, once and for all.

"Fine," she said, surprised at the level tone of her voice when her hands were shaking. "One night, no questions, no demands, and we both go our separate ways in the morning."

A predatory gleam shone from his eyes. "Agreed, one night with no rules, no borders, no limits, and I'll be in charge. In the morning, we'll both go where we belong."

The words sounded like a threat instead of a sensual promise, but it was too late. Her body made demands only this man could fulfill. One night hadn't been enough before, but this time Ariel would ensure she stuffed herself on the banquet of his body. Sex. Hard, fast and frequent with Damon would finally put her memories to rest. As for him being in charge, she didn't see what

difference that would make.

Nobody could be that fantastic in bed.

It had to be fate. No other explanation made sense. Damon said a mental prayer of gratitude for being in the same place at the perfect time. Also, he asked for forgiveness in the small lie he told. Ariel looked desperate when he'd shown up in the camp. Face pale, her normally vivid green eyes dulled, she looked the picture of despair.

Hasmir had wanted to make her his wife, but the elderly tribe leader would never have forced her. Damon's old mentor meant the offer as an honor, but Ariel hadn't understood the older man's intentions.

Too bad for her, but extremely good for him.

Since the night she'd snuck from his bed like a thief in the dark, Damon hadn't been able to remove her from his mind. She tempted and teased him in his dreams.

Maybe she had been a thief that night they shared. Ariel certainly left with something belonging to him. His heart.

And now Damon had her exactly where she belonged. Once he made Ariel scream his name a few dozens times, she'd understand they belonged together as well.

"Take off the clothes, Ariel. I won't ask nicely again." He wanted her naked, open and ready for him.

The look she shot him would have turned a lesser man away, but Damon had more than sex to lose. He had only this one chance to ensure Ariel would stay by his side.

"You agreed to the rules," he reminded her.

His words took the fight out of her. Slowly, she reached for the hem of her shirt and pulled it up. A soft, tanned belly came into view. Damon swallowed hard. He was more turned on seeing that one bare strip of skin on Ariel than he'd been with any other fully naked woman.

Full, plump breasts came next, hugged tightly by emerald scraps of silk. The hard pebbles of her nipples pushed against the material, begging for his attention.

"The pants."

Without looking at him, Ariel hooked her thumbs into the material and ungraciously shoved them down. Desire flooded his body with ragging heat and barely

controlled lust when he saw she wore nothing else.

"Get on the bed." Damon's voice came out husky and low. If he didn't get inside Ariel soon, he'd likely come in his boxers.

With no hesitation, she walked to the silk and satin covered pillow bed, hips swaying in the gentle rhythm. He said another quick prayer of gratitude for the support poles on each corner of the bed. Who knew Hassim still had it in him?

Damon quickly snatched up four scarves he spotted when first coming into the tent. He leaned over to gently kiss her.

Her response was immediate. She opened her lips and sucked his tongue into her mouth. Damon let himself rest against her lush curves while devouring her mouth, running his hands up and down her sides. He shifted his weight to one side and sought out her feminine heat. Relief washed through him when he found Ariel wet and hot.

Lifting his lips a fraction, he whispered. "You want me, too."

Opening her eyes slowly, Ariel answered, "I've always wanted you, Damon. Sex has never been the problem."

What in the hell had been the problem? He wanted to shout at her, but her lips reached up to capture his again and all thoughts left his head.

He tasted hot and spicy. His flavor had never really left her. His scent and flavor were etched for all time in her psyche.

Those clever and quick fingers were now probing between her legs, searching and seeking her heat. Without consent, her hips raised to get closer to his elusive touch. Damon would push her to the very edge of desire, making her mad for his cock and only give her the release she craved when he wanted.

This time would be no different.

His hot lips traveled from her mouth to her ear then lower to nibble on her neck and finally making his way to her aching breast. He pulled one taut nipple into the heat of his mouth while his hand teased and plucked the other.

Ariel cried out. "Now, please, Damon. I don't want to wait."

She didn't think he'd listen, but when he raised his head to look at her, she saw hunger burning in his black eyes.

"I swore I'd make you beg," he told her, ripping off his shirt. "But I can't stop myself. If I don't get inside you within the next sixty seconds, I'll explode."

He moved quickly to drop his pants. There he was. Standing in front of her, gloriously nude. His sex jutting out, thick and hard. Ariel licked her lips, and he swelled under her gaze. Slowly, she raised her eyes and met the flaming passion in his.

"The first time is going to be quick and hard. It can't be helped." He shook his head as he walked to her. "The second time I might be able to go slower, but I make no promises. It's been too long since I've had you."

Reaching into the pocket of his pants, Damon withdrew a long packet of condoms. "This should get us through the next hour."

Ariel felt her eyes grow wide. Surely he couldn't mean to use half a dozen condoms in sixty minutes. She shook her head at him. "You're crazy."

"No, I'm horny and in lust," he disagreed.

With careful and deliberate movements, Damon rolled the condom over his hard erection. A small shudder worked through him at the action. He shot a scorching look her way. "Ten seconds tops."

Then he was on her. His body sweat-slickened, his mouth urgent and his hands searching her heat. He found her wet and hot. Damon groaned into her mouth. "Damn you're going to burn me alive, woman."

"Now, Damon," she pleaded with him again. His game had gone on long enough. She wanted him in her body, pushing and thrusting her into the perfect orgasm.

"Now," he agreed, rising on his elbows. His knees shoved her legs apart, and he settled the head of his cock against her core.

"Look at me," he demanded, his voice rough with passion.

Ariel dragged her eyes away from his massive erection and met his searing gaze.

"I want you to watch me come inside you. To feel and see how we belong together." Holding her gaze, Damon drew back his hips and impaled her with one long hard thrust.

Ariel yelled at the pain and pleasure of his intrusion. He felt so big and hot. She'd forgotten the sheer size of his cock. How he stretched her beyond any other lover. The tip brushed the center of nerves hidden within her body, and she screamed again.

"That's it," he moaned hoarsely. "Come for me, Ariel. Squeeze me. Take it all. Take all of me." He begged the last.

His movements went from fluid and fast to desperate and jerky. The breathing inside the silken tent was harsh, smells of sex and sweat permeated the air.

Damon thrust harder and faster. Her body flew higher and higher with each stroke. She was on the edge, desperate for the release only he could give her.

"Please," she begged. She needed the release, the final thrust that would push her over. "Now, now, now," she chanted.

"Now," he whispered back, and all rhythm was lost. His body took over. There was nothing but the race to completion. One, two, three strokes and Ariel felt Damon's release. With a hoarse cry she felt him stiffen further inside her.

Quickly, he reached between their bodies and stroked the tight bundle of nerves hidden behind Ariel's pleasure swollen flesh.

That touch, that simple meeting of flesh against flesh sent her over the edge. She screamed once more and clawed Damon's back. Her teeth sank into his shoulder, and her body shook with the ecstasy tearing through her.

Her legs dropped from his waist, and she planted her feet against the softness of the mattress to push herself against him. She wanted to ring every possible drop of satisfaction from his body.

Damon growled and threw back his head. "Ariel," he shouted as he came.

Watching Damon's surrender, Ariel felt another orgasm building within her. When he slowed his movement, and she felt him start to pull out, she cried in

dismay. "No, Damon, stay with me. *Stay.*"

She once again wrapped her thighs tightly around his waist, not taking the chance of letting him go. Rapidly she thrust herself against him, pushing and pulling him into and out of her body.

So close, she was almost there. Just a little bit more.

"Ariel." She vaguely heard Damon's voice above her. "Honey, you can let go of my cock now."

She refused, not when she had the perfect orgasm waiting just around the next plunge. Instead, she moaned, shook her head and shoved her own hips faster.

Ariel knew she had turned wild, but nothing mattered except Damon and his body. She used her teeth, hands and nails to keep him from moving. She panted over and over. "More, more, more. Fuck me, damn you."

When he started to move again, she almost cried out in relief. Finally, she would come. "Harder," she urged him. "I need...harder...faster...yes, oh right there, Damon. Now, now, now."

"Ah...Ariel...oh, damn, sweetheart...that's it. Squeeze me." He gave a sharp groan when she followed his directions and clamped her inner muscles tight around him. "Oh, fuck me. That's it, baby."

"Damn you, fuck me harder," she gasped on the edge of unbelievable gratification.

Damon couldn't believe this was the same Ariel he'd taken to bed before. The woman moaning beneath him, demanding he take her was a stranger. An erotic, sexy stranger he wanted to know more about.

Never in his life had he taken a woman as hard and rough as he now took Ariel. Moving to his knees, he draped both her legs over his arms to change the angle of his thrust. In this position, he could thrust deeper and harder. Everything she begged him for.

In that one instant in time, he let go of all his vaunted control and rammed into her over and over. Her yells of delight weighted his passion. He moved without finesse or order. Damon simply shoved himself in and out of her wetness as hard and fast as he could. All the while whispering erotic promises.

"That's it, baby. Oh yeah, you're so hot and tight. Squeeze me. Fuck, you feel so good." In and out, harder,

faster, more power behind each thrust. "Come for me now!" he demanded when a second orgasm started to flood his senses.

With each word, Ariel spiraled tighter and tighter until finally she unraveled. The release shot through her, stealing her sight and robbing sound from her ears. It pulsed through her, the orgasm so intense black spots danced in front of her eyes. Finally, she could take no more and fell back against the bed in a stupor.

Damon thrust a final time and gave a harsh groan as his body stilled and then threw his head back to yell his release.

The next thing Ariel knew, he fell flat atop her. Sweat and their combined fluids joined them. Their hearts beat in time with the other. Their heavy breathing the only sound within the tent.

Ariel caressed the heavy muscles in his back then moved down to the tightness of his ass. One day she would love to be able to sink her teeth into that backside. It had to be the most perfect ass she'd ever seen on a man, and she'd yet to do more than clutch it in the throes of coming.

Damon raised his head from her breasts. "I've never come twice with one hard-on. I think you're trying to kill me." He smiled. "But what a way to go."

He rolled onto his back, taking her with him until her head rested on his chest and tucking his arms securely around her.

Great, what the hell was she going to do now? Should she smile and say thanks for the great sex? Or would it be better to wait until he slept then sneak out? It had worked once before, maybe it would work again.

"You're not sneaking out on me again," he informed her in a soft but commanding voice.

Ariel tried to tip her head up, but a large hand tangled in her hair and pushed her back down. "I wasn't thinking of—"

"Don't lie to me, Ariel. We're not going to play those types of games tonight."

"Oh, really, what type of games did you have in mind?" She stuck as much sarcasm into her voice as she could muster. After two orgasms, the last one that

threatened to melt her brain, she wasn't up for verbal sparing.

Damon gave a weak chuckle, causing his chest to move and Ariel to catch her breath. No one should be this sexy without trying. The man laughed, and she got wet. Life was so unfair.

"I've got some scarves here somewhere. I'd planned to tie you up before you lured me into your body for mind-blowing sex."

Again she tried to jerk up, but he kept his hand firmly tangled in her hair. "You can't be serious."

"I'm very serious," he replied in a dry tone. "I still intend to use scarves on you, but I have to recover from your ill use of my poor man's body."

"Should I apologize for taking advantage of your innocent self?" she questioned, getting into the game. Her heart warned against talking with this man, and her brain argued that talking crossed the line from plain sex to making love.

"Hell, no. Feel free to jump my bones anytime you please," he offered. "I can even give you a few suggestions to stoke my fire, so to speak."

"I promise to jump you as much as humanly possible tonight, but everything ends when the suns comes up." She tried to keep her voice flat and matter of fact but winced when she heard the trembling in it.

"Yes, I did promise we'd both be back where we belong in the morning, didn't I?" Damon sounded matter of fact.

So it was to be just sex between them and nothing more. It had been his pride she'd hurt three years ago and not his heart. Well, it was far better she learned this lesson now rather than in the morning. Much more time with the man and she'd be in love all over again. But this round she didn't think three years would be enough time to get over him.

He turned their bodies so her back lay flush against his chest. His hardening erection pressed tightly against the cheeks of her ass. She felt her blood begin to pump faster and her breath catch.

Nibbling on her neck, he gently asked, "What have you been doing these past three years?"

She wiggled against his hot length. "Sure you want to waste your time talking?"

He groaned and buried his face in her neck, taking a sharp bite of her shoulder then soothing the pain with the heat of his tongue. "You're a witch, woman. Don't tease a man so soon."

"Soon? It's been almost five whole minutes."

He grunted and cupped her breasts with his hands. "Give me seven and I'm all yours. For now, I want to find out what you've done in the past years."

"Nothing much." It wouldn't be wise to let him into her life. Sharing everyday details would make her feel closer to him, something she wanted to avoid at all cost. The end would come soon enough and sharing the intimate details of her life wouldn't change a thing.

Damon was a lover of women. All women, all types and sizes—short, tall, thin or full figured. And they loved him right back. He couldn't give her the relationship she craved, but he would provide her with the best orgasms of her life. So Ariel would take what she could get and try to forget the rest.

In the darkness of the tent, he moved to peer down at her. "Nothing much? You've sat around your house, apartment, or box looking at the walls and done nothing?"

When put that way, it did sound ridiculous. But how far did she let him know without giving him control? She finally settled for a portion of the truth.

"I live in an apartment. Not a box." She smacked his arm in response to the teasing remark.

"Good to know." He leaned down and brushed a soft kiss against her lips. "So how do you pay for this apartment-not-box you live in and where might this lovely home of yours be located?"

Again she debated how much to tell him. But did it really matter? It wasn't like he wanted the information to find her after the night was over. He was simply marking time until his body recovered. With the new perspective, tension leave Ariel's shoulders. It had been silly to think Damon would use her personal information to stalk her. He would probably forget her once they left the tent.

"I'm living in Houston right now, but I never know where I'll end up for the series. The show has me all over

the place.”

“Ah, yes, the show. How did you stumble upon that?” Gentle fingers combed through her hair, relaxing her.

“I worked for a local television show. One day they were looking for someone who had knowledge of the local Hispanic legend and myths. Since it was a minor of mine, I spoke up. When it came time for the anchor to give her report, she bumbled the names, got facts mixed up and generally made an ass of herself. When the station manager realized what was going on, he threw me in front of the camera to finish the segment. And the rest, as they say, is history.”

When Damon didn't say anything, she peered up at him. He wore a contemplative expression. “What? You didn't think I'd make a living out of obscure legends?” She kept the hurt from her voice. What difference did it make? They were nothing more than temporary lovers.

“I've seen your shows. You're a natural in front of the camera. You make ancient tales understandable to modern man and woman. I understand your program is now being viewed in schools across the world. Congratulations on a well deserved success.”

He sounded normal, even pleasant, but she got the feeling there was more behind his words than he said.

He spoke again before Ariel could question him. “So you enjoy what you do? Traveling from country to country, digging in the desert or swamp to bring tales to life?”

What the hell, the truth certainly couldn't hurt her with Damon. “I did enjoy it for the first few years. I love visiting other countries, learning new things, but...” she trailed off, her courage fading.

In quick and efficient movements, Damon rolled her onto her back and settled atop her, elbows braced on either side of her head. “But what?” he prodded in that silky baritone.

“But I'd like to stay in one place long enough to discover the why of it all. Why do certain cultures have the customs they do? To learn more of the language and land. I'm only in one place for maybe four weeks, and then it's time to move on. For once, I'd love to stay, put down roots and discover all the aspects of a country.”

Damon's lips slanted across hers, devouring. His

greedy hands molded her breasts, shaping and plucking at the nipples. "I want you."

"But—"

Damon slid into her like a sword to sheath. His hips pounded into her with relentless ease. He was mad in his desire, and Ariel couldn't help but be caught up in his sudden wave of passion.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled his head down for a kiss that was as wild as their lust. The orgasm came upon her quickly. She moaned her release into his mouth while he continued to thrust.

When the last shivers left her, Damon withdrew from her and quickly flipped her to her stomach. He shoved several pillows beneath her hips and once again entered her like a mad man lost in lust.

"More," he whispered in her ear, nibbling and licking his way down her neck. "Come again for me, love."

Her slick channel wept, open for his taking. The smoothness of his thrust and the depth of this angle quickly brought her back into the throes of ecstasy.

Damon continued to murmur sweet words in her ear. How beautiful she was. How hot and tight her pussy felt to him. How he couldn't get enough of fucking her. With each word, Ariel fell deeper and deeper under his spell. While the sex was truly amazing, the connection between them scared her more.

"No, don't think, my love. Be with me now. Think only of me, of what my cock is doing to your sweet body. You are so wet for me." This time he reached between the pillows and her body and found the center of her desire. Gently, he circled the rigid flesh with his finger as his groin slapped against her ass in a pounding rhythm.

"So good," he muttered, breathing heavily behind her. His body picked up speed. "Come with me again. Come for me...now."

She was helpless to deny him. Ariel's soul broke apart and release tore through her. Vaguely aware of Damon stiffening behind her, she heard his own muffled shout. And then his weight covered hers once more.

Morning light bravely trickled through the silk-draped tent. Ariel winced as she tried to roll over and

found herself trapped by a hairy well-muscled arm.

Just like that the night before came rushing back. She and Damon had made love all night. He had taken her in ways she'd never imagined and offered her free reign to explore his body. Ariel had eagerly taken him up on the offer.

She smiled, remembering the shocked pleasure on his handsome face when she'd taken his cock in her mouth. He'd tasted salty and with a hint of musk. A taste she wanted more of, but it wasn't meant to be. The smile fell from her face as she turned to look at her temporary lover.

He lay asleep on his side, the sheet slipped down to reveal his perfection. She would never get tired of looking at him. The darkly tanned skin, corded with muscle. She even thought his feet were sexy.

Recognizing the path these thoughts would lead her down, Ariel quickly scooted out of bed. She wouldn't have much time before he woke up. She didn't want to go through the whole awkward morning after. It had been a sound reason to leave quietly three years ago, and it would work for her now.

Spying her clothes, Ariel made her way to the far side of the tent. She'd just yanked on her pants when a husky voice broke the silence. "So you are planning on sneaking away from me again, Ariel?"

Damon lay awake in the big bed, propped up on a mound of pillows and looking too sexy for first thing in the morning. It was all she could do to stop herself from jumping him again.

"I...ah...thought I'd check and see if my crew got here. Then we need to start shooting." She waved a hand through the air. "Work, work, work, you know."

She shot him a small smile then turned her back to pick up the rest of her clothes.

With a speed that surprised her, Damon closed the space between them, picked her up and threw her back on the bed, using his nude body to hold her in place.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" she demanded even as her blood heated.

Eyes narrowed, he answered in a terse voice, "Maybe I'm not done with you yet."

“Not done with me yet? You, bastard. You don’t get to choose when you’re done with me. It’s my life. My decision.” She tried to buck him off, but her attempts only seemed to amuse and arouse him.

“And if I want to change that?” Damon’s tone went from teasing to serious in the space of a heartbeat. “What if I want it to be our life and our decisions?”

He couldn’t be serious, could he? Ariel looked into his dark eyes and saw the stark honesty there. Another emotion flared, but fear kept her from naming it. “What are you talking about? Our life? Our decisions? Have you lost your mind?”

Giving a fast shake of his head, Damon ripped the thin material of her pants away and pressed his hardening erection into the wet heat between her legs. “I’m very serious, my love. This time there is no running away from me. We’ll talk this out if we have to stay in this bed for the next month.”

The thought of spending a month doing nothing but feasting on Damon’s body made her moan and open her thighs wider. “You...we...ah, can’t.”

He thrust his cock into the moist folds. “We can, love, but don’t tempt me now. We do have to talk.”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” she managed between heated breaths.

Damon leaned down and brushed gentle kisses across her lips. “There’s a lot to say, love. We started it last night, and this morning we’ll finish it.”

“Why do you keep calling me, love? I’m not your love. Love never had anything to do with what’s between us. We have sex, great sex, but that’s all.”

A small laugh escaped his tempting lips. “I’ve been in love with you since the night you walked away from me.”

Ariel froze and stared wide-eyed at the sudden stranger above her. “You can’t...ah...love, Damon?”

A quick kiss to the lips and long thrust of his hips, and once again Damon seated himself fully inside her eager channel. “I can love you, and I do.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense.” She protested all the while her body continued to move in sync with his. If he kept this up much longer, she wouldn’t be able to think period.

Eager lips pressed against hers then lifted. "It would have made better sense three years ago if you'd stayed until morning."

A small moan crept out of her mouth. Really, the things that man could do with his hips should be illegal. "But I heard you loved women and left them."

His luscious movements stopped. His eyes widened in shock, and the healthy color drained from his normally dark skin. "You left me because of some damn rumors! Woman, are you mad?"

Regaining her composure and her control over her wayward hormones, Ariel looked into his angry face. "What else was I supposed to think? You never said a word about love or emotions." She unsuccessfully tried to shove him off, but the oaf wouldn't budge. "Would you please get off me? If we're going to fight, I'd prefer not to have you inside me when we do."

Instead of being the gentleman and agreeing, Damon once more resumed his erotic motion. "No, I'll not leave your deliciously hot pussy. Every time I do, you seem to try and get away. No, we'll have this discussion just as we are."

He shook his head. "The rumors were just that, rumors. Stupid ones I started myself to keep the marriage-minded women away."

"How was I to know that?" she demanded even as her body sped up and their breathing became labored.

"Put your legs around my hips, love." Damon groaned when she complied. "Damn, you feel good."

With a quick twist, he reversed their positions. Ariel stared down from her perch, mouth open and eyes crossed from pleasure.

"Ride me, Ariel. Let me watch your beautiful face as you come."

His words set fire to her passions. She rose until only the very tip of his erection remained inside her. Then she slammed herself back down, taking every inch of him.

They both moaned at the sensation.

Ariel soon lost her original rhythm. All that mattered was the thick cock invading her with every downward stroke. She increased her speed, wanting more of him, more of everything.

Damon's clever fingers parted her moist folds and stroked her clit until all coherent thought left her brain. She turned into a mindless, passion-driven animal. Wanting nothing more than Damon's cock taking her for the rest of her life.

The climax exploded, leaving Ariel sweaty and breathless. She slumped onto Damon's hard, damp chest, vaguely aware of his own harsh breathing.

"Much more of this and we'll kill ourselves." He rasped the words.

When she tried to slide off his body, he clamped his arms tight around her waist. "Don't," he warned in a soft voice. "We're not through yet."

A weak laugh trickled out of Ariel's throat. "What more is there to do to one another?"

Without opening his eyes, Damon gave her a wicked grin. "More, much more."

"So what now?"

At her question Damon's eyes shot open. "Now, you admit you love me, can't live without me and agree to marry me. We'll live here, and you can explore the natives and ancient cultures of my country to your heart's content."

Ariel sat up in shock, which forced Damon's semi-hard penis back into her heat. They both shivered. Until Ariel shook her head and slid off to his side.

"You mean it. All of it?" Hope rose within her.

Damon turned his serious dark eyes on her. "Of course, I mean it. I would have told you this same thing three years ago if you'd stayed around. I love you, always have and always will."

Ariel fell into his arms with a joyful cry. "I do love you so much, Damon. I tried all this time to forget you, but you would never really leave my mind."

"Thank God for some things," he muttered. Then in a louder voice, "And you will stay and marry me, right?"

"Yes, I'll marry you. I'll work here in your country. Whatever you want."

Damon laughed at her enthusiasm. "I won't take you up on the *everything* I want. I know you'll come to your senses sooner or later, but for now, what do you say we seal the deal?"

“How did you want to seal this deal?” she asked with a sensual grin.

He gave a wicked laugh. “In the oldest and most pleasurable way possible, my love.”

And her sultry sheik proceeded to completely close the deal for her heart.